

OUR DUMB Animals

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

MAY 1-7

STATE LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS

APR 20 1956

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON



"COME A LITTLE CLOSER!"

Photo, Glenn Dixon



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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse. No remuneration for material used on Children's Pages except by arrangement.

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At Last!

A proposed bill to resolve what the late Dr. Francis H. Rowley called, "The Great Cruelty," is finally here, because shortly, it is expected, the bill printed on page 4, will be introduced in the United States Senate and should it be passed, and we pray to God it will be, it will unquestionably be one of the greatest steps forward since the inception of the humane movements in this country.

No Society has fought more vigorously nor more steadfastly than the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for this type of legislation and we wholeheartedly join with all other humane agencies and individual humanitarians in pledging ourselves to the most vigorous campaign to obtain its passage and to that end we hope the American people, the press, radio and television industries will join, because the campaign will be both arduous and costly.

This effort will be tremendously important to the millions of unfortunate animals who henceforth will be spared the cruelty and unnecessary suffering to which they are now exposed daily in the nation's slaughterhouses. Our readers will be informed from time to time of the progress being made and will be advised on the steps they may be requested to take as individuals.

In behalf of the nation's humane societies this proposed legislation will be requested by the A. H. A. It is an effort all of us *must* support.

E. H. H.

Happy Ending

By Elizabeth Shafer

SKOSHEE is a short-haired yellow dog with a black nose and floppy ears who belongs to Airman First Class Erwin H. Thormahlen Jr., currently stationed at Lowry Air Force Base in Denver, Colorado. His story begins in war-torn Seoul, Korea.

Skoshee (whose name means "little" in Japanese) was a puppy then, and Airman Thormahlen bought the tiny dog from a peddler. Dog and man were constant companions during Thormahlen's service in Korea and when it was time for the serviceman's return to the United States, he was determined that Skoshee would go with him.

After a seemingly unending bout with red tape, he shipped the dog to a friend in Japan until his own arrival there. In Japan, more red tape; innumerable papers to fill out, inoculations for Skoshee. And then Thormahlen discovered that there was no room for his dog on the ship which was carrying him. Undaunted, he got a friend of his, traveling on another ship, to care for Skoshee and arranged to have him flown to his home in Lombard, Illinois, when the ship arrived in San Francisco.

But Skoshee's troubles had just begun. Only the dog knows what tortures he went through on that journey, but as nearly as Thormahlen can find out his friend fell sick on the first day at sea and the dog—in his crate in the ship's hold—was abandoned for sixteen days at sea without food or water.

The airman learned of this when he called his parents long distance from San Francisco and was told that Skoshee had never arrived. Frantically he began a search for the dog that ended in the San Francisco pound.

But again bad luck followed Skoshee.

His master arranged to have him shipped by fast train to Illinois, but the train arrived late and Skoshee was so weak from starvation that he could not stand.

Thormahlen and his parents fed the dog bland baby foods until he was well enough to eat normally. At least he was almost well and—with Thormahlen—happy, as a dog should be. When the airman's leave was up and he was transferred to Lowry Air Force Base, he took no chances. Skoshee rode with him in the car.

All should have been well, but Skoshee disappeared from the base. His master began a frantic search, without result. After three weeks, he appealed to a Denver newspaper for help. That paper, *The Denver Post*, is famous for its attention to animals and their welfare. It ran a front page story and picture in its Sunday edition pleading for its readers to help Thormahlen find Skoshee. The next day dog and man were reunited.

Dr. J. R. Naylor, owner of a Denver veterinary hospital, contacted the airman through the paper. He said that the yellow dog with the black muzzle had come to his hospital several days before and he had taken him in and fed and sheltered him. When he saw the story and picture, he tried to reach the airman at Lowry and, failing this, he telephoned the *Post*.

And so Skoshee's story ended happily at last, for when Thormahlen appeared at the hospital and called, "Skosheel!" the happy dog gave two excited barks and jumped into his arms.

Not Cricket—Eh, Wot?

London—Do dogs go to heaven? A British judge says he thinks they do, but if they don't he won't want to stay.

Judge Tudor Rees gave the opinion in hearing a claim for damage against Mrs. Lucy Prosser, former tenant of a house in suburban Banstead. Mrs. Prosser said she bred dogs, but after complaints from her neighbors she agreed not to let them in her house.

"But that is like shutting out a member of the family," said Judge Rees.

"What is the use of having such a faithful friend if you cannot have him in the house? If unswerving fidelity and unfailing affection are passports to Paradise, all dogs will have honorable place there," he added. "And if I do not find dogs in Paradise, it will not be Paradise for me and I shall probably apply for a transfer."

The judge found Mrs. Prosser responsible for the damage to the house, but added, "I do not blame the dogs."

Livestock Legislation

TO require the rendering unconscious and insensitive to pain of all animals and poultry before bleeding or slaughtering and to immediately slaughter animals that arrive at plants or are found there in seriously crippled or severely injured condition, except as provided in paragraph (c) of this Section.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that: Section 1—

(a) On and after 5 years from the effective date of this act no person shall proceed to bleed or slaughter an animal, or poultry, in a slaughterhouse until the same has been effectively stunned by a mechanically operated instrument or made insensible by electricity, chemical vapor or any other equally humane non-cruel method sufficient for the purpose.

(b) Provided that poultry may be killed with a quick stroke of a sharp instrument severing the head from the body thus producing insensitivity by destroying the brain or cutting the throat with an electric knife.

(c) Provided that the requirements of this Section shall not apply to any authorized Spector of the Jewish Faith, duly licensed by the Chief Rabbi as a slaughterer when engaged in the slaughtering of cattle, calves, sheep, goats or poultry intended for the food of Jews according to the Jewish method of slaughtering, if no unnecessary suffering is inflicted.

(d) Provided that the use of the Captive Bolt Pistol, electricity, chemical vapor, shooting with a rifle and any other method equally suitable and effective for the purposes of this Section is considered as meeting the provisions of this Act when approved by the Secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture.

(e) Animals and poultry arriving at a slaughtering plant or stockyard severely injured or crippled shall immediately be humanely transported to the nearest slaughtering plant and immediately slaughtered or killed on the place where found.

(f) An Advisory Committee shall be appointed by the Secretary consisting of a representative of the Slaughter Industry, of the Livestock Industry, of The American Humane Association and of the Department of Agriculture. When requested by the Slaughter or Livestock Industry or one or more of the members of such Committee, and upon approval by the Committee, the Secretary shall have the authority to modify the date of compliance with this Section and make such other minor changes in the application or any part of it as, in the opinion of the Secretary and the Committee, are deemed impractical or impossible to apply to certain specific situations or within the time specified by this Section.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Canine Oddities

By Farley Manning

TIE a kerchief around your head, put your coat on backward, carry a bag of laundry over your shoulder and walk up to your dog—but if you come from the down-wind side, watch out that he doesn't bite you before he gets your scent.

Canine eyes are very poor at distinguishing detail, although they can see shape and movement at a great distance. And a dog may not recognize even his own master in clothes that drastically change his silhouette.

If you didn't know this about your dog, don't feel badly. In spite of the fact that, according to a recent survey 41 per cent of the nation's families own dogs, there are many little known facts about them.

For instance, your estimate of your puppy's life expectancy may be way off. Not only do the life spans of different breeds vary considerably, but the average of all dogs is increasing every year. Today's well-fed pet lives much longer than his grandfather and probably twice as long as the dogs of a hundred years ago that were dependent on their hunting ability for much of their food.

And, if you think that modern civilization is causing dogs to have bad teeth, you are subscribing to a popular belief—and one that couldn't be more wrong. A major cause of death among dogs fifty years ago was malnutrition brought about by inability to chew food—often at an age of only six or eight years. The reason was that dogs lost their teeth because of the lack of needed elements in their food, plus a tendency to gnaw too many bones. But, today's well-fed dog has no more need for a bone than does a well-fed human.

Dogs do need many other ingredients besides meat, however. A dog fed exclusively on good lean meat, raw or



Color played no part in this dog's choice of food.

cooked, will soon be suffering from malnutrition. How did dogs live in the wild state? Well, say the investigators, they got through their shorter life spans by eating not only the flesh of the animals they caught, but the bones and entrails, too, along with the grain and grass that was already in their victims' stomachs.

And what about the popular idea that every dog will instinctively balance his own diet if the needed elements are available to him?

Not so, say surveys on this subject. A dog eats the things he likes and leaves the things he doesn't like, just as a child does. Offered fresh meat, cereal, cod liver oil, minerals, vitamins and bone meal, for instance, he may select only the meat and destroy his health, even though eating the other ingredients would give him a reasonably balanced diet. Only by thoroughly mixing the needed ingredients in the correct proportions, or buying a ready-mixed commercial food can the dog owner really be sure his pet is well nourished.

And, did you know that your dog is presumably color blind, or nearly so? While there is some conflicting research on this subject, it seems to be pretty well established today that dogs distinguish shades but not colors.

The manufacturers of one dog food ran a series of tests to try to determine the answer. The product has a high meat content and the natural meat color is retained without the addition of any artificial coloring. Since this seems pleasing to the human eye, it was presumed

that it was also pleasing to the canine eye. But being investigators, they decided to make sure.

Odorless colors were added to the food and the usual precautions taken to ensure fair testing—position of food dishes alternated, observations made from a distance, etc. The result? Well, color certainly doesn't play a major role in a dog's preference, so long as there is no change in odor or taste—he apparently just doesn't give a hoot.

And, perhaps you didn't know that there is very little chance of your dog catching cold when you give him a bath—though there are other good reasons for not bathing him too frequently. Because a dog's sweat glands are inactive, getting wet isn't likely to give him a chill. The shivering you may have noticed is often just nervousness. If he seems to have the sniffles after a bath, it is probably only that you got some soap in his nose.

However, because instead of sweat glands, he has oil glands designed to keep his skin and hair soft and pliable, too frequent washing, particularly with warm water and soap, will remove the oil and leave the skin dry and itchy, as well as taking the sheen from the coat.

But even if you know all these things, you probably won't impress your dog half as much as you will impress your friends. For even if you know all the things experts have found out and all the things the writers have recorded, you probably won't ever know as much about your dog as he knows about you.

Brief for Jays

By Ruth Power Barstow

YOU have heard the old saying, "Beauty is only skin deep." In birdland, it might read, "Beauty is only feather deep."

Being greatly interested in birdlore, and wanting to know more about it, I decided I'd start with the bird who is rated as a beauty yet, according to reports, possesses such a mean nature that he steals the eggs of other birds and destroys their nests.

Across the road from our home is a little grove where, for the past two winters, blue jays have resided. Feathery pines, maple and birch trees abound, and it is, I should judge, an altogether lovely place in which to bring up a bird family if the babies can survive our Maine winters.

This spring, through our kitchen window, I particularly noticed a blue jay family, mother, father and four little jaylets, all downy blue and gray with smudges of black and small black tufts upon their heads. They had a most independent air and their bright beady eyes were alert for anything having to do in the slightest with their little bird world.

They had followed their mother into some sumacs where a feeding station hung—a round affair with a little veranda and slanting roof. Hidden among the leafy foliage, it swung with the wind and was kept amply stocked.

While I usually stop outdoor feeding with the advent of spring, the year being so wet and chilly I continued the bread-crumbs diet, discontinuing sunflower, wild-bird seed, suet, peanut butter and the occasional doughnut for an especial treat.

At first the parents would take the bread, fly to the bird bath, let it soak there, then feed their young. It did not take the little jays long to learn for themselves. Mornings when I was later than usual, they would perch in the sumacs, uttering harsh baby-bird notes and fixing a bright beady eye upon us as we sat in our breakfast-nook watching. I could not resist such coaxing, so more crumbs were forthcoming. These being soft did not need soaking and away they flew with their prize.

Still wondering, however, just what the blue jays did to make their existence worthwhile, save for adding color to the landscape, I decided to become more factual and, thanks to a book on birds, I learned that their diet is about three-fourths vegetarian. Insects are their favorite food during the summer. For staple foods they turn to the acorn, beech-nut and corn.

Burying more acorn and beechnuts than they can possibly eat, they help greatly in the planting of oak and beech trees, thereby helping to restore our forests.

Another fact in their favor was discovered by accident. One day, during apple-blossom time, while hanging out my wash, I saw a jay alight in the treetop. Swooping downward, he attacked a tent-caterpillar nest, which, on account of its being small, had escaped the vigilant eye of my husband who had been destroying them. As the caterpillars fell, the blue jay hovered about eating all he could.

Immediately my respect for him increased, especially when I learned that most other birds will not touch these pests and, while I deplore the blue jay's wanton practice of destroying nests and stealing eggs, nevertheless it is most comforting to know that along with their beautiful plumage, they are doing their work to contribute to the need and beauty of our land.

Baby Sitter

By Josephine E. Heltzer

QUEENIE, a collie, lives with us on our farm and although no written pedigree came with her as a puppy, showing her ancestors as purebreds, Queenie has always been a most trustworthy friend. Her manners, loyalty and devotion to duty have been all one could ask for in man's best friend.

All in due time, Queenie had a litter of fine puppies. One of the pups was born with a crooked toe so we decided to keep her and thereafter she was known as Jinx.

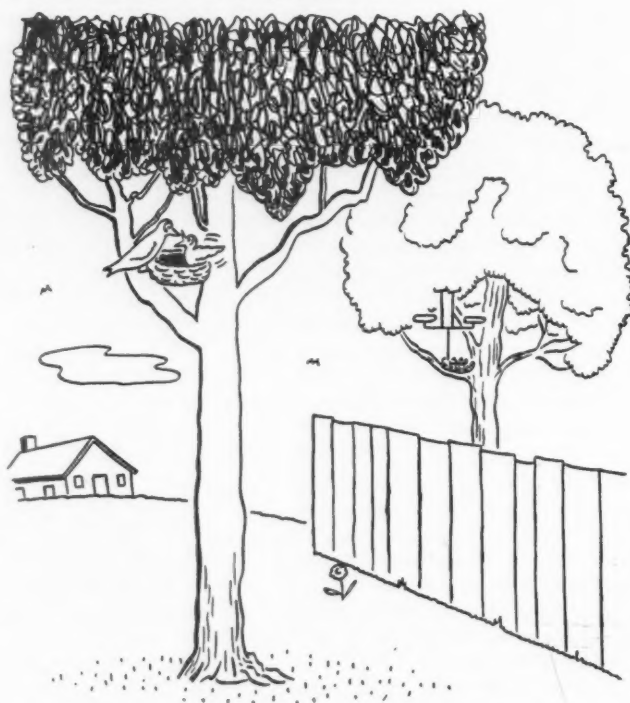
Some months later, Queenie again had four beautiful puppies in her private "box" on the back porch. On this particular morning it was a little chilly outside. I knew that Queenie had gone roaming in the woods nearby, but kept wondering why the puppies did not cry while she was away. I went to see.

There, curled up in the box, was Jinx, as proud as Punch, with all four puppies snuggled up against her. And as all good baby sitters do, she had taken care of babies' needs, washing their faces with her long pink tongue.

My first thought was what Queenie would do on her return, when she found Jinx in the box mothering her babies.

Then, Queenie came home. She walked over to the box and looked in. Immediately Jinx sat up and "told" Queenie all about her babies. For fully five minutes the two dogs carried on a conversation which I am sure was all about the wonderful babies. Then Jinx jumped out of the box and Queenie jumped in.

This arrangement has saved me much work for if Jinx had not taken over the job of baby sitting, I would have had to bring the puppies in the house to keep them warm each time the mother went for a stroll.



"Mommy, can I go over to my friend Chirpey's nest for awhile? They have a television set!"

My Pal, Brownie

By Earl B. Sebolt

MY PAL, he was Brownie, was of medium size with short, deep chestnut hair. His nose of deeper shade with a few gray hairs showed that he was growing a little less active. He had large brown eyes that sometimes looked so sad and wistful that I often wondered what was going on in that brain of his. Then again, they had such a loving look and sometimes they really seemed to smile.

You see, I loved my dog and with reason. I had injured my spine and the doctors told me I would never walk again and would be in a wheel chair for the rest of my life, but being possessed of some patience and courage, I made up my mind to walk regardless of the intense pain and this is where my pal, Brownie, came into my life—to help encourage and love me.

Each day he would come to the door, turn around and rap the door with his tail, then run along the path and return with a questioning look in those big brown eyes that said so much. I would get ready and we would start along the road to the meadow, he trotting ahead, now and then looking back to see if I were still there. We would wander around the meadow for a time, he digging for a grub, while I gathered those early purple violets. Occasionally he would find a spot where there were many. Then he would lie down and wait with a look in his eyes that was half apologetic and half proud as much as to say, "Are these all right?"

We would sit on the grass for awhile and I would say, "I guess you think that foolish old fellow ought to have enough by now." As we started home again I would say, "I guess it's your turn now. How about chasing some butterflies?" Then those eyes sparkled and the tail almost wagged off. You will laugh, but I chased them too. That's why we were pals. We shared our pleasures.

But one day he came and placed his paws in my lap and gave me a strange, sad look. I leaned over and patted him. You see, we really understood each other. The next day he watched every move I made and that night he hid under the house. The next morning he didn't call me to walk as usual. He had died in the night. I crawled under the house and gathered him in my arms. When the folks next door returned home, there I was seated on the grass, my pal still in my arms. Then I wrapped him carefully, made a grave and placed him in it.

The stone that marks the place where he lies says, "My pal, Brownie" and the flowers like those he helped me gather are blooming there beside him.

Good Neighbor

AMERICANS may not be liked in foreign countries, but in Fez, Morocco, they are liked and respected for the work of the American Fondouk—a purely unselfish work for the protection of animals and the only organization flying the American flag in a foreign land. It is financed solely by American contributions. It needs *your* help. Won't you send a contribution to W. A. Swallow, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.?



Play Boys

THE ball and doll are the oldest toys known to man, but their enjoyment is not confined to humans. Carl Akeley, noted American explorer and naturalist, tells of once coming upon an elephant herd, whose young had gathered in an open space in the jungle. Here they were knocking a ball around, composed of a round piece of ant-hill that had broken off. Using their trunks as bats, they were really going to town, and having a grand time.

Seals on the Pribilof Islands off the western coast of Alaska, flipper-cuff a ball of snow and ice in much the same way, only using their broad, flat flippers as bats, and lolloping clumsily to home base.

Enos Mills, nature lover and writer, specialized in a study of the grizzly bear, and his books form delightful reading. Grizzlies, he says, sometimes come out of hibernation for short periods, and he tells of watching a large one having an hilarious slide down a long mountain slope. He skidded down on his hunkers, breaking his speed with right or left paw as needed. Mr. Mills became so engrossed in the antics of the huge fellow, climbing the slope time after time in numerous repeats, slapping his fat legs in glee, that he lost his own footing, and followed the bear down the slope, landing on the grizzly's back in a cloud of powdery snow. He owed his escape to the fact that the bear was so surprised he galloped off without looking back to see what sort of creature was riding him. They also, Mr. Mills says, love to cart-wheel, and use mud slides, as do the otters, beavers and minks, sometimes landing on the water in a sit-down strike, almost laughing aloud in their delight.

Mountain sheep play King of the Castle and Follow Your Leader; rabbits engage in Leap Frog on moonlight nights; squirrels enjoy a game of I Spy and Catch, scrambling scratchingly around tree trunks, racing over branches, sometimes making six-foot leaps from dizzy heights.

Dogs contend with each other in a Tug of War, using a rope, stick or piece of cloth stretched between them, and held in their teeth; and squirrels, kittens, puppies and the young of all wild animals wrestle and box.

We needn't mention the monkeys, since their "shines" are too well known, but surely the humanness of these neighbors in feathers and fur presents its own appeal to friendly understanding and a willingness to live and let live.

Bullfight in Boston?

JUST as we go to press we have been informed that a New York promoter is in the process of arranging for an exhibition in the major cities of the United States of the Portuguese bullfight, called the tourada.

President Eric H. Hansen, of our Society, has immediately filed a protest with Dr. Jose Rocha, Consul of Portugal, located in Boston. This Society will spare no efforts in preventing this proposed bullfight from coming to the United States.

If this is permitted it will be just the

first step toward the introduction of the whole bloody and cruel bullfight and that we do not believe the American people want.

We wish to assure our members and friends, wherever located, that we are watching this development as closely as possible and should it appear that this event is actually about to take place, our members and friends will be promptly advised as to what steps they can take to assist us in keeping the bullfight or any semblance of it from ever making its appearance on the American scene.

Tip's Lonely Vigil

DOGS are dogs the world over. Their faithfulness is a fact which has been attested over the ages. Such a dog was Tip whose story was set forth recently by the *Sheffield* (England) *Telegraph*. Says the paper:

It was just about a year ago when 86-year-old Joseph Tagg, dean of Derbyshire shepherds, set off with his dog, Tip, on a walk that was to end in an almost unparalleled story of a dog's devotion.

For, Mr. Tagg did not return. Fifteen weeks later, Tip, weak and thin, was found still guarding her master's body. Tip had waited on the high Ronsley moor for 105 days of bitter winter. Found by a Water Board employee, she apparently did not want to end her vigil.

The story of Tip went round the world. It was read by sheep farmers in New Zealand, by businessmen in America. It inspired letters, gifts, poems and paintings.

And now, the Sheffield-organized "Plaque for Tip" fund approaching 50 pounds is to be perpetuated.

"I hope that the plaque will be unveiled on about March 27, the date on which Tip was discovered," said Mr. A. Foulstone, chairman of the fund, stated.

No site has yet been chosen but it is likely to be in or near Bamford.

Tip, a grey and white collie, for many years the constant companion of small, ruddy-faced Mr. Tagg, is now in retirement at the home of Mr. Tagg's niece, Miss Helen Thorp, of Bemrose Gate, Bamford.

Tip wears a collar bought by school

children in Devon, and has two medals, the Blue Cross Medal of Our Dumb Friends League—the Dog's V. C.—"presented to Tip for devotion to her master," and the Bronze Medal of the National Canine Defence League "for fidelity."

Her name is recorded in the book of Gallantry of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

On the wall of Miss Thorp's living room hangs a water color of Tip, commissioned by the Glasgow branch of the Royal S. P. C. A. In the entrance hall is a black and white sketch brought to the front door by a visiting admirer of Tip's devotion.

And among letters to Miss Thorp is one containing a five-verse poem, written by Mrs. Emily H. Reeves, of Philadelphia which reads as follows:

*You sought no great joy
When on that bleak December day
You wandered by your master's side
For many miles away.*

*We know not what transpired
In three long months of cold,
But subsequent events have proved
Your noble heart of gold.*

*Your master must have fallen
And you—his faithful guide—
Were found in tireless vigil
Still watching by his side.
The unsurpassed devotion
And gallantry you've shown
Can be explained in but one way:
Divine support alone.*

*The highest honors are bestowed
That human hands can give,
But ever in God's keeping
Your immortal deed shall live.*

First Century Tribute

ONE of the earliest of man's tributes to the dog was written some nineteen hundred years ago.

Columella was the author. He was a popular writer on agricultural matters and domestic animals. A citizen of first century Rome, Columella wrote with sincerity and understanding. One of his books was entirely devoted to dogs.

His eulogy on the watch-dog is probably one of the first of the kind ever written. Certainly it still deserves to be ranked among the best—after nineteen centuries of literature on the subject.

"What man living," asks Columella, "can proclaim more distinctly and with so great vociferation the approach of a beast or a thief as he can do with his barking? What servant is there that loves his master more; what keeper less liable to bribes and corruption? What watchman can be found more vigilant?"

"In a word, who will be more steady in avenging your injuries or in protecting you from them? Wherefore, an husbandman ought to purchase and maintain this animal even among the very first things, because he keeps and guards both the manor house and the fruits, and the family and the cattle."

Columella then goes on to explain the three kinds of dogs associated with mankind.

"One kind is chosen to protect us against the snares and insidiousness of men . . . a second is chosen for repelling injuries of men and wild beasts, and this kind watches over the stables and fields at home, and the cattle when they are feeding abroad."

In defining the third kind, he expressed himself rather strongly against the farmers of his day who were more interested in "sport" than in the care of their farms—

"A third kind is provided for hunting withal; and this not only gives no assistance to the husbandman, but it takes him off his business and makes him lazy and slothful; therefore, we must speak of the house dog and that of the shepherd, for the hunting dog does not at all belong to our profession."

Columella may have lacked sympathy for the hunter and the "sportsman," but there is no doubt that he displayed a sincere understanding of our friend, the dog, that has not been improved upon by all subsequent writers on the subject.

—J. B. S.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Easter Lore Animals

By Jewell Casey

ANIMALS have long been so closely associated with mankind that it is small wonder that from all parts of the world come stories of animals, birds and insects connected with the crucifixion of the Saviour.

The most popular legends are those of the rabbit, lion, bear, robin, eagle, rooster and butterfly—yet many other animals are associated with Easter.

Do you know why the shivery-nosed rabbit is part of Easter celebrations? According to one story it came about in this way: A very long time ago some of the early settlers in America had undergone a very hard winter. There had been scant food, much sickness and many deaths. With the coming of spring, in an effort to cheer the children, some of the mothers boiled some eggs with onion skins, mosses, roots and berries to give them gorgeous colors, and then hid them for the children to hunt. While hunting for the eggs a long-eared rabbit jumped out of a clump of bushes near a nest of the colored eggs. One of the children happily shouted, "Look! Just see what the nice bunny laid for us!" And from that time on down to the present, colored eggs and rabbits have been part of the Easter festivals.

In medieval times, the majestic lion was the favorite symbol of the Resurrection of Christ. This accounts for one reason why the lion holds such an important part in the architecture of that period. Doubtless, the reason explaining the lion's association with the Resurrection goes back to the ancient superstition that the young lions were born

without life, and that after three days, the father roars over them and endows them with life.

The bear, because of its unusual habit of sleeping all winter and awakening in the spring, is also accepted as an emblem of the Resurrection.

From the Bible we learn that the crowing of the cock was the beginning of the terrible tragedy that ended with the crucifixion.

Folklorists tell us that many birds have been connected with Easter in various ways. The kind-hearted robin picked the sharp thorns from Jesus' crown when He was on His way to Calvary. The blood from the wound dyed the breast of the bird, and since that memorable event this bird has been known as robin-red-breast.

It is said that the Bestiaries tell an odd story that the pelican nourishes its young with its own blood. The blood,

giving life and strength to the new life is symbolic of the Resurrection. At times, as young pelicans grow, they strike their parents. Becoming enraged, the adult birds kill the offensive offspring. Later, becoming remorseful, the mother bird strikes her breast with her beak until the blood flows and with this she brings the young back to life.

The butterfly, called Psyche (meaning "soul") by the Greeks, is another ancient symbol. The Christians adopted this symbol because, after being entombed in its drab cocoon, the butterfly bursts through to become a gorgeous creature to live in the sunshine again—a fitting symbol of the soul and immortality.

Another early symbol of the Resurrection is the eagle which, according to legend, upon reaching an advanced age, casts itself into the sun. After the fire consumes the old body, a splendid bird emerges to a new life three days later.





While resting one day out in the yard under his favorite rose bush, Buddy started to day-dream of a walk taken long ago and of a particularly nice hydrant encountered on the way.

Would You Like to Take a Walk?

Photographs by Gordon S. Smith



Buddy's leash was hooked on and the two were off for a walk down the road, the second turn to the left. Buddy kept several

WOULD Buddy like to take a walk? He sure would! It had been a long time since his master had taken him. You see, his master can't get along as well as he used to and Buddy missed those walks. He remembered a walk he took many years ago. It was quite a long walk and Buddy couldn't quite be sure that he could find his way again. All he could distinctly remember was a beautiful hydrant set in a grassy plot. He had seen many hydrants in his time, but this one seemed somehow different.

As luck would have it, while he was meditating on this subject under his favorite rose bush, a young lady from out of town was visiting his master's home. And on seeing Buddy resting, she asked if it would be all right to take him for a walk.

You can imagine how Buddy's ears pricked up and how he anxiously waited for her to fasten his leash. Then they were off. At first Buddy led the way sedately, nosing out the old remembered route. A right turn, a left turn, across the street, past the old abandoned barn, through the abandoned lot, onto a different street—all these Buddy remembered faintly. And, at last, his destination.



The pace Buddy set. Maybe she thought



**... or I'm dreaming of a nice hydrant of long ago—
a hydrant set in grassy turf by the side of the road.**

Setting such a fast gait, Buddy almost missed his objective. Out of the corner of his eye a familiar shape flashed by. Could that have been the hydrant he was looking for? He did a double take, winding his mistress in the leash as he did so.

*... walk down the street — a turn to the right, across to the other side of
... kept several paces ahead and a steady strain on his harness.*



*... Buddy set in his search began to tell on his erstwhile mistress. She began to look a little worried and tired.
... she thought they were lost in a strange neighborhood. It had been a long time since Buddy had been this way
... and things did look a little different.*



Kip, Dog-of-All-Work

By Francis Green

ONE of New England's most unique dogs is Kip, a huge, black Labrador retriever, belonging to Miss Caroline S. Parmentier. Kip, whose registered name is Whitecaps Clipper, is both companion and watchdog for Miss Parmentier, but, in addition, he serves his mistress in a capacity rare among American dogs; he is, in a sense, a pack dog. He transports light supplies up Pico Mountain in Vermont (from Route 4 at Sherburne Pass where Miss Parmentier must leave her car) to the summit three miles above where, as Fire Lookout, she lives and works seven months each year.

Kip's training for this work began almost by accident. When Miss Parmentier first became a lookout for Vermont Forestry Service, she had been forced to give up her profession of nursing because of a back injury. It is customary for each such lookout to transport his own supplies to his mountain top station, and since Miss Parmentier was limited in her own carrying capacity, she turned to the young Kippy for assistance. Now, after four summers of this work, he has grown into a rugged, dependable maturity.

During the summer of 1954, Kip

carried many pounds of supplies, in light loads, of course, up that steep mountain trail. He also made many shorter trips to carry gallon jugs of water from the spring, or firewood from wherever his mistress was clearing the telephone trail she maintains. One day, testing his ability further, Miss Parmentier filled his pack with wood and sent him alone to the cabin where a co-worker unloaded the wood, gave Kippy his "pay"—one dog biscuit—and sent him back for more. Kip proved an able and willing helper for as long as they worked.

Kip's pack, made specially for him, includes a broad webbing harness that fits smoothly over his back and across his chest. Two bags, similar to saddle bags, are stitched to this harness to distribute the weight comfortably. His work seems to keep him healthy and strong, and his thighs are like steel springs. One day, when he was playing, I saw him leap into the air almost five feet, straight up, so easily and gracefully that it seemed no feat at all.

Kip is a beloved companion as well as an able and willing worker. One seldom sees him away from his mistress during the day, and at night he sleeps

in a well-padded spot, sheltered from the cold, near her bunk. Many chilly nights, he goes to bed wearing a warm sweater or sweatshirt, for his smooth short hair is not sufficient to keep him warm. And, on a cold morning, like the rest of us, he enjoys a warm breakfast.

Kip's labors do not keep him from the normal dog's life of exploration and play, and his mountaintop home is ideal for that. His chum is Micky, a tiny whiskery-furred Monkey Dog as frolicsome as Kip is sedate. Curiously, neither one seems to disturb the little wild animals around them. During most of one summer, they shared their clearing and sometimes their food, with a young porcupine, with apparently mutual respect and only the friendliest of feelings on either side.

Motoring Dogs

By Farley Manning

TODAY, millions of dogs enjoy motoring, although it has brought about serious problems for the dog owner.

When preparing for the trip, be sure to pack your dog's collar and leash, his brush and comb, and most important, his feeding dish. His favorite toy will help relieve the tedium of the drive.

The dog owner's first problem is likely to be his pet's car sickness. Unless the dog is an experienced traveler, withhold food and water for at least several hours before starting out. Should your dog be prone to car sickness, a veterinarian can provide any one of several good preparations.

Don't let your dog move from one seat to another, but train him to ride in one place. If you aren't sure he will be quiet, it will be safest to fasten him securely on a leash to prevent him from leaping out the window.

Don't let him bark out of car windows. And, although it looks very sporting, don't let him stick his head out the window. It is a dangerous practice. The dog may easily get something in his eye and the wind is bad for both his eyes and ears.

If he must be left alone in the car, be sure it is in the shade with one or two windows partly open. And remember that although the car may be in the shade when you park it, it may be exposed to the sun an hour later.

If you observe these rules, your dog will enjoy his trip . . . and so will you.



Kip wears his saddle bags proudly, anxious always to help his beloved mistress.



Mr. Chippy really made friends with me when I set out the peanuts.

Goodbye, Mr. Chippy

*by Catherine
Bendall*

My little chipmunk

was a real animal

banker. He filled

his cheek pouches

to capacity and cached

the food until

cold weather arrived.

WHEN I first met Mr. Chippy at camp he was very shy. A handsome, light brown coat with black and white stripes running along his body, and a tail almost as long, made it easy to distinguish him from his cousin the red squirrel.

I offered him bread and other table scraps, but it wasn't until I gave him peanuts that his shyness seemed to vanish. I tossed him a nut and he ventured nearer to get it. He ran back to a safe distance, sat up, held it in his front paws and munched away until it was gone. After a while, he came right up to my feet and from then on he seemed to sense that I would not harm him.

He only ate about two of the peanuts. Then he filled the pockets in his cheeks until he looked as if he had the mumps. At the edge of the veranda a special path of his own making led through a hollow piece of flood-wood, over a log, onto a big stone, where he paused to

see that he was not being followed. Then he completely lost himself in the undergrowth. Just a flick of his tail on a hill would tell me in which direction he had gone. After hiding his wealth he returned again and again for more. Once I tried to follow him to his storehouse but he was a cautious fellow. He led me around in a complete circle without giving a hint of where it was.

We spent many happy hours together and one day when I was washing the dishes, with the screen door of the kitchen ajar, I felt something crawling up the outside of my jeans. Sure enough, it was Mr. Chippy. Well the work could wait, but Mr. Chippy could not, so we went out to the veranda together. The nuts were shelled and he filled his little chops until I was sure they would burst.

He wiggled and twisted, trying to squeeze just one more in. When that failed, he put the nut right in the front part of his mouth rather than leave it

behind. He looked so funny as he made his way into the cool forest.

It was with a heavy heart I had to bid Mr. Chippy good-bye, for my holiday had ended. But as I left him there on the veranda of the cottage still begging for more, I knew he would not go hungry this winter. Somehow I know, too, that he will be there to greet me when I go again next year and that he will be just as anxious as ever to fill his winter storehouse to tide him over when he goes into hibernation.

April 1955

Provincetown's Fifth Essay Contest

Society and

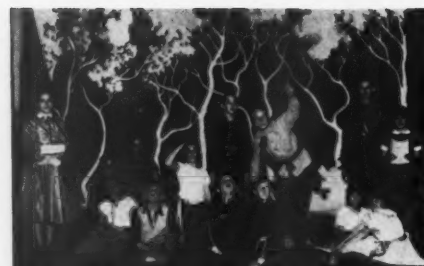
FOR the fifth year, the Nautilus (Women's) Club of Provincetown working with the superintendent of schools, sponsored an overflow meeting of parents, teachers and pupils a few months ago to hear and see what is being done in the schools to develop a child's natural interest in animals into a proper understanding and a right attitude toward all living things.

Many bright-colored animal books and subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS were to be awarded that afternoon to those grammar-school girls and boys whose efforts in behalf of animals deserved special recognition. The hall buzzed with excitement in anticipation of it all and then as Mrs. Elmer Greensfelder, perennial and able chairman

arose, everyone listened attentively as she explained that much mistreatment of animals is unintentional because one hasn't learned what constitutes good care and proper diet and what should be done if an animal is sick or injured. She pointed out the broad scope in the area of humane education from the reading and discussion of classic animal books by distinguished authorities in their respective fields to projects in which children share experiences and learn at first hand.

Mr. Albert A. Pollard, our Society's Director of Education, explained that by learning and understanding nature's laws, self-discipline, justice, and a feeling of brotherhood become a part of us and as time goes on we join the company of all good men who believe we should be decent to one another and to all living creatures as well. Mr. Pollard's remarks were really a prologue for the play, "One Morning Long Ago," about an episode in the life of St. Francis of Assisi, whose love and tenderness for animals has resounded throughout the world. It was indeed a vivid and moving story. Afterwards, Mrs. Donald Bissell, director, and the entire cast were applauded for an artistic and meaningful presentation.

Then the judges, Reverend and Mrs. Arthur O. Dewey, Mrs. Ross Rowland



Director and cast of "One Morning Long Ago."

and Mrs. George Corea, announced the winners of the Susan Glaspell Memorial Essay Contest, whose general theme was kindness to animals. The prizes were twelve animal books complete with the Glaspell name plate and the winner's name inscribed on it, and for those who earned Honorable Mention there were twelve subscriptions to this magazine. As their names were called, the lower grade children stood with those from the Junior High School to acknowledge the response from the audience.

Great praise and credit for a most successful and worthwhile program goes to many teachers and women of the Nautilus Club, including Chairman Mrs. Elmer Greensfelder, and her able committee, Mrs. George Corea, Mrs. Charles Hutchings, Mrs. Daniel H. Hiebert and Mrs. Daniel C. Merrill.



Winners in the Susan Glaspell Memorial Essay Contest sponsored by the Nautilus Club of Provincetown, Massachusetts.

In Memoriam

IN January, Miss Katherine M. Foote, founder of the Martha's Vineyard animal shelter, passed away. Miss Foote led the work of animal protection on the Island from 1917 to 1947, when she asked our Society to take it over. She then became Branch Manager, in which capacity she served until her death.

Following her death, it was decided henceforth to call the Vineyard Branch, Foote Memorial, in honor of its forthright founder.

At the right, Miss Foote is shown with Dr. W. D. Jones, Veterinarian-in-Charge, at both the Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket shelters.



Off the Record

Reports from Our Agents

A SOCIETY branch agent virtually had a case dumped on his doorstep recently. It began about midnight, when a car without lights pulled up to the shelter to let out a woman who deposited a box containing a cat on the lawn. Our alert agent noted the registration and traced it to the owner, who admitted driving a woman to the shelter to leave her cat.

After being contacted, the woman claimed that "midnight was the only time" she could get to the shelter. She was soon summoned to court, found guilty of abandoning an animal, and fined \$15.00.

Service News

Look "Whoo" Called!

NOTIFIED that a large white owl, unable to fly, had been found in Norwood, Massachusetts, our Society sent an ambulance to bring the bird to our Hospital. At Angell Memorial, the magnificent bird was found to be suffering from gunshot wounds in one wing, but he responded readily to treatment. Our Director of Wild Life, Lester A. Giles, identified the unusual patient as a snowy owl, whose native habitat is the Arctic tundra.

Apparently a shortage of lemmings and other rodents, which occurs about every four years, had driven these large, almost pure white owls south in search of food, for six were reported seen in New England this past winter. Since their diet here is 99% mouse, they are beneficial visitors. (We realize some mice might dispute this.)

When he comes south, the snowy owl favors marshes, swamps and shorelines. You can identify him by his startling whiteness and his size; he has a 5-foot wingspread and an over-all body length of nearly 2 feet, which makes him about the size of a great horned owl.

Unlike most owls, the snowy owl does his flying in the daytime, which, combined with his unfamiliarity with man and consequent lack of fear, makes him venture dangerously close to civilization, so that he is an easy target for hunters who like to take pot shots at any unusual specimen in hopes of killing it and then finding out what it is. This is a tragic philosophy, since one of the last mating pair of a particular species may be killed this way. The hunter has satisfied his curiosity, but neither his nor anyone else's children will ever have the chance to see such a bird or animal.

After a few weeks at Angell, it was evident that our patient had regained full powers of flight, so he was released in a Topsfield marsh. In the picture at the right, Takouhi Mangasarian, Society headquarters staff member, is shown saying good-bye to the beautiful and responsive bird, who had loved to have his nurse and other Society employees gently stroke his back.

The Hope of the Future

By John C. Macfarlane, Director, Livestock Conservation

EVERY time your watch ticks off a single minute, the American people lose over \$5,500 because of carelessness and indifference in the livestock industry. Every 60 minutes around the clock we lose over \$1,300,000 and every year our loss approximates 2 billion, 2 hundred million dollars!

I know of no business that can keep its doors open if its "carelessness tax" is even 5%, yet in the whole livestock industry we are dealing with a similar "tax" that is nearly 20% of our total national livestock income. The needless suffering represented by these figures has concerned our Society for nearly 50 years.

Last year, I was honored by being appointed to the executive committee of Livestock Conservation, Inc., and we held several meetings during 1954 to discuss ways and means of reducing preventable losses. We represent nearly every segment of the livestock industry, as well as agricultural colleges, extension services, 4-H Clubs, high school teachers of vocational agricultural and many others.

We all agree on one thing: as a nation, we must conserve our natural meat resources. Most of us also agree that (1) animals are unnecessarily bruised, crippled or killed *before* they reach mar-

ket, and (2) a small percentage of America's farmers are causing the trouble. In general, our country's farmers are careful, considerate and humane men. It is the small percentage of roughnecks that we must combat. I am not sure that any educational advances will ever make these people careful or kind. I *am* sure, however, that the work we are doing with America's youth will cut down the number of inconsiderate, wasteful farmers in the next generation.

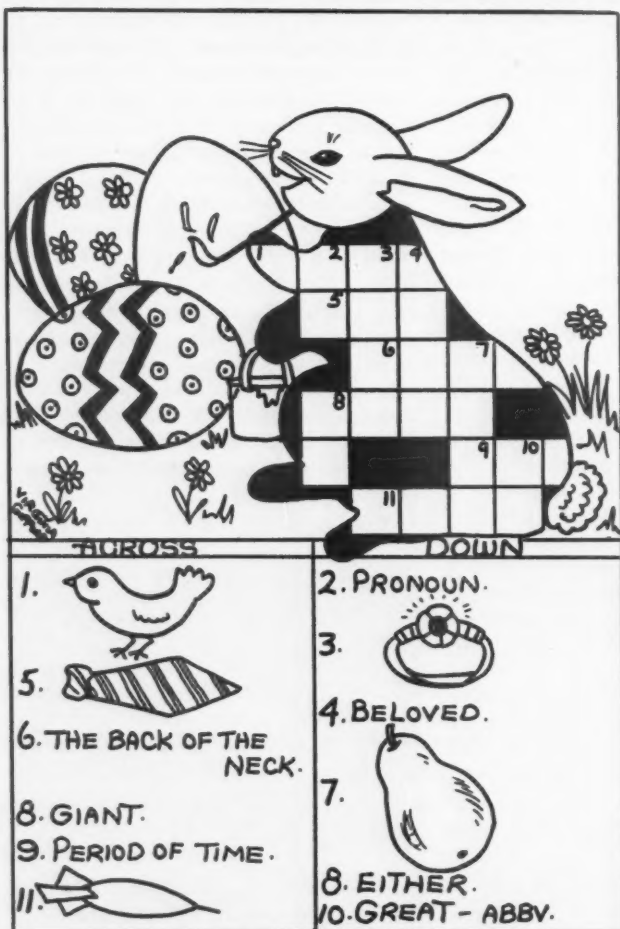
There are some men in every state who are "dead-end guys" at heart, who revel in inflicting pain on some helpless lamb, calf, hog or steer. No amount of education can help them; they will continue to beat farm animals with two-by-fours, pipes, and pitchforks as long as they live (and avoid the eyes of the law)!

The young folks mean new hope. The "cruelist" and his brutal handling practices are subjects for their 4-H Club and Future Farmers of America chapter discussions.

These boys and girls of today will direct the destiny of America's livestock agriculture tomorrow, so we *must* reach them. Your support of our program will mean our country's tomorrow will be a much brighter one.



CHILDREN'S



PAGES



Oh-Oh, Oriole! By Alfred Webber (11)

TODAY, Daddy called me outside on the lawn. I went to see what he wanted. He showed me a little baby bird that had flown out of its nest.

I said I thought it was a robin. We found out by its parents who were flying around it. The baby was a Baltimore oriole.

We picked him up and he peeped and opened up his mouth for food. I went around the house and found some small worms for him to eat. At first he didn't seem to want anything. Then he opened up his mouth and we stuck a

small part into his mouth. He swallowed it and opened his mouth for more. So we fed him a little more and then we put him down on the lawn and watched him partly hop and partly fly over to one side and up a bank to the edge of some tall weeds. He flew to the top and sat there.

The father was cautious, but finally he flew down to the baby and fed him a bug. Then he flew away for more. I made sure the cat was in the house; then I left the baby oriole to stay there and grow up.

My Holiday Kitties . . . By Nina McDonald (10)



"What's up, Nina?" asks Tochka

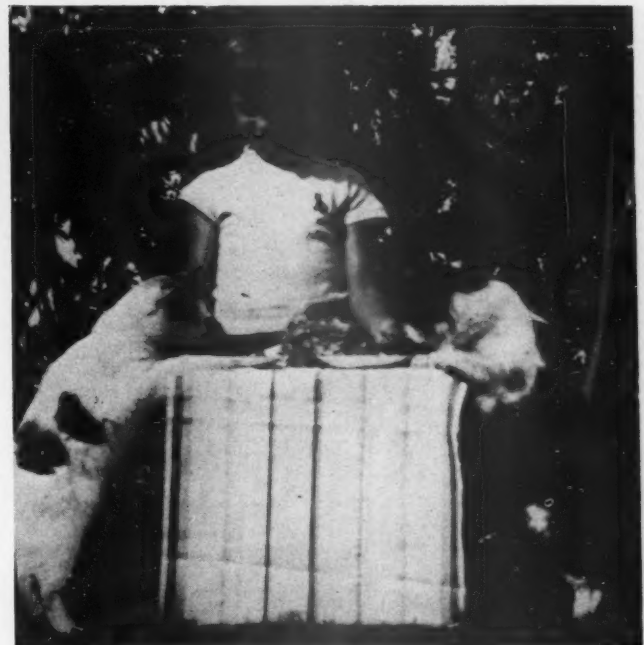
WHEN I was three years old, I was given my first pet. It was a female kitten. She was short-haired and snowy-white with clear black and orange spots on each side and on her head and tail. I named her "Tochka." When she was a year old she had her first litter of kittens, on the first day of May. Of the five furry bundles, we kept two for me and gave three to our friends. The extra-fluffy black-and-white one we called "May-Day," and her brother earned the name of "Spats" because he had white feet as well as a white vest, a white face and a white tip on his tail, while the rest of him was satiny black.

When May-Day grew up and had her first litter of babies, she also chose a holiday for the event, just as her mother had done. May-Day had three kittens in my mother's room on Mother's Day. We kept the pure black one and called

her "Mother's Day Black Smoke," or "Blackie," for short.

Tochka and her daughter May-Day are still living and I call them my Holiday Kitties because they chose special days to become mothers. Blackie was attacked by a dog and Spats wandered off as tomcats often do.

Tochka has a habit of mewing an excited meow whenever she has caught anything and wants us to look at it. One night after everyone was asleep, she meowed so hard at the front door that my mother went to see what the trouble was. She discovered Tochka was proudly announcing and showing off the mouse she had caught.



Why, it's a party for (left to right) Tochka, Nina, and May Day.

YOURS FOR THE ASKING

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second article of an experimental feature, which we plan to run for a few months or longer, depending on reader interest. YOU are invited to express your opinions or address questions on care, feeding, or training of your pets to Tom Ryan, Reporter, c/o OUR DUMB ANIMALS, and he will answer those of general interest in these columns. All letters must give the writer's name and address, but we shall not use your name if you wish it withheld. All medical advice or suggestions will be based on the experience and knowledge of our world-famous Angell Memorial Animal Hospital staff.

Curing Your Dog's Bad Habits

By Tom J. Ryan, Staff Reporter

NINE out of ten people realize that you can't expect any pet to be all joy and no trouble. Obviously the joy far outweighs the trouble or no one would want a pet. Besides providing proper food and shelter for your pet, you have to take pains to instruct him in proper behavior among human beings. If you're looking for a pet that already knows this, you will search long and fruitlessly. Even if he has had basic instruction in another home, he has to be shown how to fit in with YOUR home and neighborhood.

Take "man's best friend," for instance. One of the most perplexing problems facing dog-owners is how to afford their dog a reasonable amount of freedom and, at the same time, protect from attack such canine favorites as furniture, upholstery, clothing, lawns, gardens, and shrubbery. The answer, of course, is training.

Incidentally, you *can* teach an old dog new tricks. It is more difficult to correct the bad habits of a full-grown dog than it is to train him correctly from puppyhood, but the task is not impossible, by any means.

The most effective way to discourage acts of destruction, of course, is to catch the dog in the act and punish him then. Unfortunately, this is hard to do, especially if the dog has been alone all day and the damage is discovered hours after it has been done. A common practice is to call the dog, point at the misdeed, and then spank him with a folded newspaper; but your bewildered dog will have little, or no idea why he is being punished. This is not only useless in discouraging the repetition of the wrong act, but it may also discourage your dog from responding so willingly the next time you call.

Since dogs learn primarily by association, a well-trained dog is one with correct and firmly-fixed associations. The secret is consistent repetition of the associations you want him to develop — right action with reward, wrong action with punishment.



Annie is teaching her dog to leave cats strictly alone.

How do you build these associations? A lady who has been raising boxers for fifteen years highly recommends the following method. Every time one of her dogs breaks something, tears the furniture, or digs up a lawn, she *brings* the dog to the place where the damage occurred and slaps him with a newspaper. About ten minutes later she again brings the dog to the same spot and chastises him. She keeps this up at intervals until the dog starts to pull away as they approach that spot. This means the dog has associated pain and chastisement with that spot or object and he wishes to avoid that area.

Gradually, your dog will come to associate punishment with any tearing, digging, or ripping he does; he will even begin to sense there are certain objects he must not touch, or places he must not go. This association may come after one or two acts of destruction, or it may take quite a while, but the result of patient repetition will be a dog you are proud to own.

Don't forget the other side of this coin; frequently show your dog you love him, and praise him lavishly when he learns a lesson well.

Spring Is Here!

HURRAY! Who doesn't love spring with its budding trees, fresh green grass and gay, marching crocuses? But Spring also brings us new fuzzy bundles of cat, tumbling puppies, and adventuresome baby birds who topple out of nests too soon. Before you know it, the children will have brought home a new kitten or puppy, or an injured wild guest that must be cared for until it is well enough to be returned to its own world. Everyone instinctively loves anything young and helpless, but will you know **HOW** to care for it? Do you know how to reunite a young bird with its parents, for instance?

You can find out—just write your friends at the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass., or call LOngwood 6-6100. They'll gladly answer your questions about care and training, and furnish you with *all kinds* of inexpensive leaflets for your ready reference. Our Society's sources of information include the world-famous staff of veterinarians at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, largest and best-equipped in the world.

And when we say inexpensive leaflets, we *mean* inexpensive. All these pamphlets are priced from only 2c to 10c apiece! A price list of available leaflets will be supplied upon request.

Remember that when you need help or advice, AHES is as near as your telephone or mailbox.

Don't Miss Out

Our spanking new 1954 Bound Volume of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** is ready for mailing. The price for this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is a low, low \$2.25.

Please send check or money order to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out by June last year!

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN
THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

OR
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

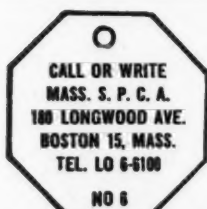
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Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
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LOST dogs are a problem we've been trying to solve for years. First, we developed the Dog Identification Kit (now on sale for 50c each) to help owners *fully* describe their pets to searchers, and the Kit is a valuable safeguard—as far as it goes.

However, our newly established **DOG IDENTITY BUREAU** and the numbered tags we sell for 50c enlarge this protection by helping the *finder* of a dog locate the *owner*. Easily attached to your dog's collar by an S-shaped hook, these brass tags have "Call or write the Mass. SPCA" on them, with our address, phone number, and another number, permanently assigned to your dog. This is listed in the Bureau files with *your* name, address, and phone number, making the identification of stray dogs simple and sure. If your dog should lose his TAG, we'll furnish a duplicate for only 25c. Above all, do not let your dog out of the house without his collar and TAG.

Order your **DOG IDENTITY TAG** today—and your Identification Kit, to, if you don't have one. Send just *fifty cents* (check or money order) for *each* KIT or TAG you want to the Dog Identity Bureau, Massachusetts SPCA, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

P. S. Be sure to notify the Bureau if: (1) you change your address, (2) your dog changes owners or dies, or (3) you wish to put the tag on a different dog.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.



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